

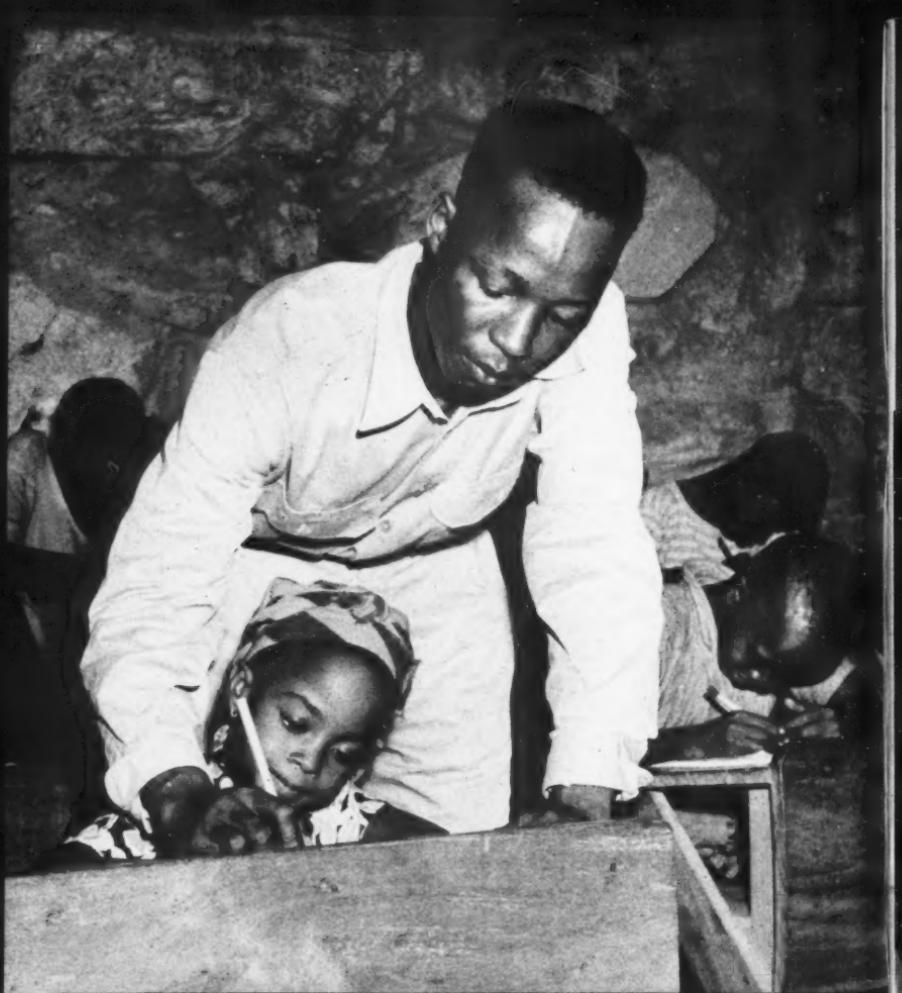
THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

SEPTEMBER 1952

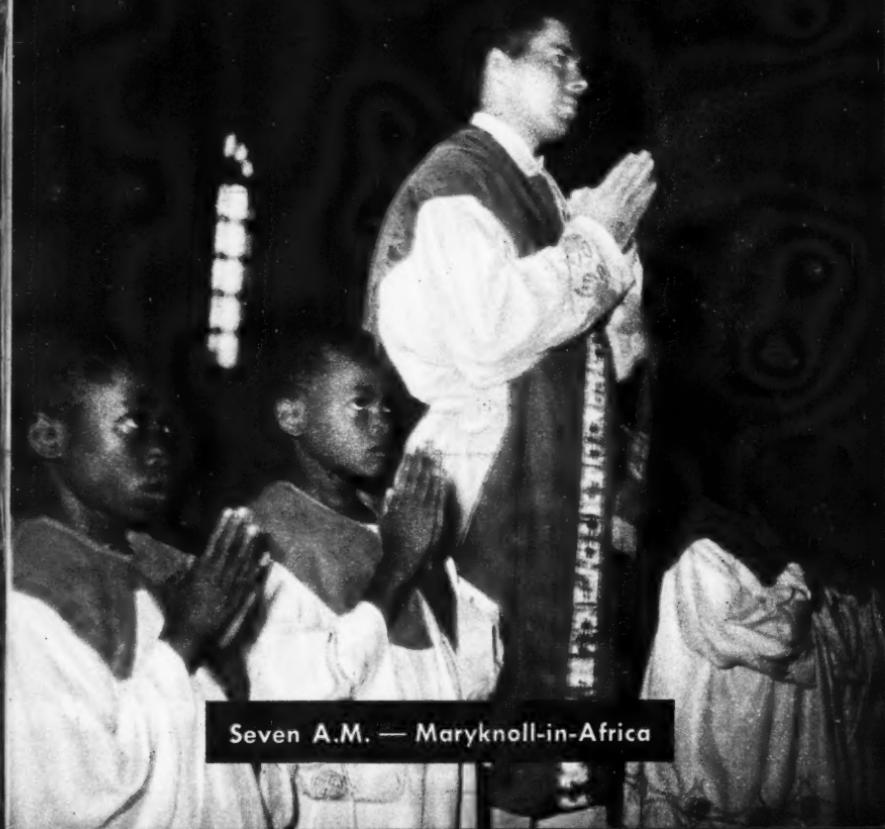


How many
missioners
from YOUR
state?



EAGER TO BE FOLKS—"Go to school, child!" cries every African mother to the youngster at her knee. "Then folks will respect you." From the heart of the continent rises this call for human dignity.

A Young Man Asks Himself



Seven A.M. — Maryknoll-in-Africa

Father John Donovan gives a Chinese lesson to Scranton altar boys visiting at our nearby prep-seminary.



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■ MARYKNOLL is the popular name of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Maryknoll exists solely to train young Ameri-

cans as foreign missionaries, to send them to foreign fields, and to support their labors. Maryknoll houses of training span the United States.



The Venard Apostolic College, in Clarks Summit, Pa., was the first of our junior seminaries. Others now exist in various parts of the nation.





Maryknoll seminarians are typical Americans who "go the whole way."

■ A YOUNG MAN from a Catholic college came up to Maryknoll Seminary the other day. He seemed to be deeply engrossed in a problem.

"I've been trying to figure out what to do with my life," he said. "I want to help other people, to make this a better world. At first, I thought a military or diplomatic career was the answer. Then I considered social service. But now I am convinced that the major need of the world is a spiritual one — that peoples and nations are sick morally. So I've decided that the best way to use my life is by becoming a missioner."

Not every young man or woman takes the time for such soul searching. And of the few who do, it is a rare person who finds the same answer. But for those young men and women who wish to serve God by serving their fellowman, Maryknoll is one place.

Maryknoll was founded for this



very purpose — to give American youth the opportunity to become foreign missionaries. Our work is two-fold: (1) Training missionaries; (2) staffing and supporting missions overseas. The entire success of this work depends upon the good will of the American Catholic people.

From their ranks come the young

men and women who give their lives to the work directly. From the American people comes the entire support — financial and spiritual — for the undertaking.

Maryknoll houses of training exist in California, Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania. Mission

Recreation builds strong bodies, is an important part of mission training.



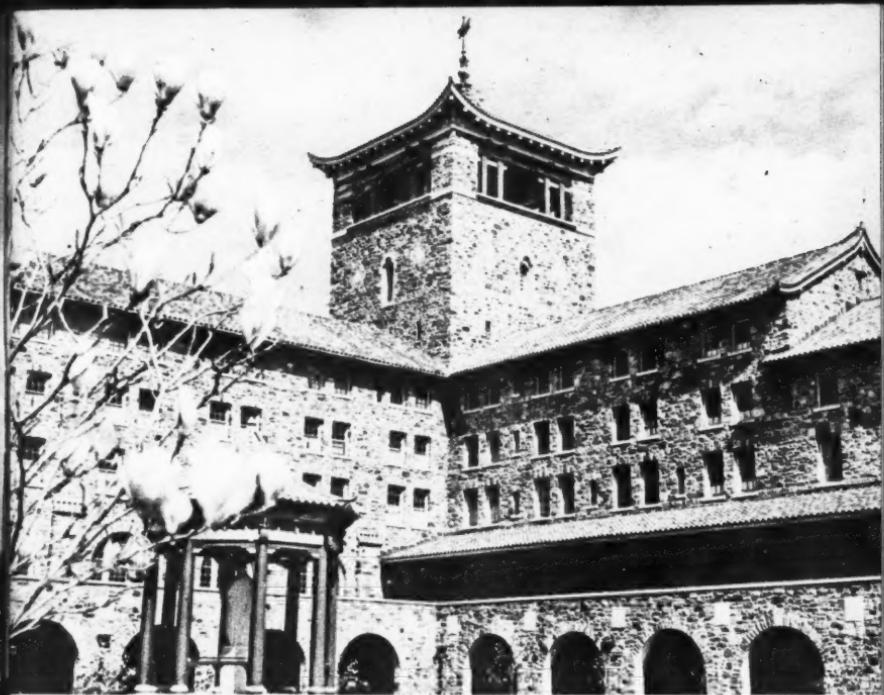


Maryknoll's newest seminary is at Glen Ellyn (near Chicago) in Illinois.

territories assigned in whole or in part to Maryknoll are found in the following countries: China (four dioceses, where Reds have halted mission work); Formosa; Japan; Korea; Philippine Islands; Hawaiian Islands; Bolivia; Peru; Chile; Mexico; Guatemala; and Tanganyika (Africa). Also closed to Maryknoll is a large territory in Man-

churia, to which access has been forbidden by the Communists since the end of World War II.

Maryknoll's personnel actually comprises two societies: one for priests and Brothers; the other for Sisters. The Society for men is legally known as the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America*, a title descriptive in itself. It is the first



Maryknoll's major Seminary and central administration are located north of New York City. From here Maryknollers go abroad to their mission stations.

American foundation for foreign-mission work, and is only forty years old. The headquarters of both the Maryknoll Fathers and the Maryknoll Sisters are located at Maryknoll, New York, on the Hudson River, some thirty-five miles north of New York City.

Although there is a great deal of religious work to be done in the United States

SEPTEMBER, 1952



MARYKNOLL



Brother Bede Horgan (above) was a Navy officer before coming to Maryknoll. Brother Damien Walsh and Father Edward H. James plan for a new Africa mission.

(much of it is as difficult as anything to be found abroad) the Maryknoll founders felt that the United States should be represented in the worldwide work of the Church, and that the American people should have the opportunity to take part in this work. Our founders believed, also, that the sending of missionaries abroad would bring blessings on the work here at home.

This belief was justified in the light of today's events. The home-mission movement is stronger than ever. The Church in America has shouldered burdens formerly carried by Europe.

Yet there is a great deal still to





Some of the people among whom Maryknollers work are like this Indian mother of the Andes. Her people have been Catholic for years, but lacked priests.

be done in the world. The young man who visited Maryknoll saw this clearly. While Communist tyranny has closed many areas to the Church, vast areas in Asia are still open and must be made strong to resist the Reds. Africa is ripe for a tremendous harvest. Latin America needs thousands of priests and Sisters.

The world is full of opportunities

for people who wish to dedicate themselves to a religious cause. Christ's world-wide apostolate beckons those who can give their whole lives. It offers precious opportunities to those, who, while they cannot give their lives, can give prayer and material aid. Christ said "Go, teach all nations." How can you answer this command?



"To raise up sterling men for God . . ." is the way a Maryknoll song begins. These seminarians are trained to become men of prayer and men of action. Spirituality is the only foundation upon which mission success is built.







ARE THEY WAITING FOR YOU?

People all over the world are awaiting the arrival of the missioner. Have you ever asked yourself if they might be waiting for you? Missioners possess the power to do great good. Perhaps God asks you to be a bearer of this power. You cannot know unless you pray and act.

"Please send us a Padre!" is a familiar greeting in Peru. Are you concerned?



SAINT PAUL WRITES OF JAPAN

BY JOHN C. MURRETT

■ FATHER WINTHROP chuckled. "You'd think," he remarked to his curate, "that Saint Paul lived here in Japan, the way he seems to write of things that are happening here day after day."

The curate, from past experience, knew that the remark was but a preface to some story, so he baited his line — and was treated to not one but three stories, and he has given them to us:

"THE WEAK things of the world are chosen to confound the strong," wrote Saint Paul to the Corinthians, and he could certainly have been addressing his letter to the people here in Kyoto.

Just yesterday I had an example of it. I had a note from Takao, one of the University students in my English class three years ago. He wrote: "I thought you'd be happy to know that Machiko was baptized at Christmas."

Machiko! I puzzled over the name, and then it all came back to me. Takao is not a Christian. Because of his delicate health, he spends most of his time in the coun-



try. More than a year ago he told me that Miss Machiko was dying of T.B. He asked me what he could tell her about heaven. I gave him a leaflet and suggested that he ask the priest there to say a word to the sick girl. Machiko and her mother were very happy. But the grandmother, a strong Buddhist, absolutely refused to let a priest enter the house.

Well, sir, dying or not, Machiko solved the situation by asking to be bundled up and taken to the priest. It was a long trip for a dying girl, but the joy of finding a God who loved her was like medicine. Instead of dying, she began to get better. Poor Takao is still searching. But I have an idea that Machiko will pass her gift on to Takao.

THEN THERE was that girl who met the Sisters on the streetcar sometime ago. She kept looking at their medals, and when one of the Sisters noticed it, she spoke to the girl. That was all that was needed. Digging into the folds of her kimono, the girl brought forth a medal like the ones the Sisters were wearing.

Some American soldier had given it to her brother. The G.I. had told her brother, "Have your sister wear this always." The girl had obeyed instructions but did not know the meaning of the medal. The Sisters explained. Today, Catherine is one of the best workers in our Legion of Mary. I suppose the G.I. won't know a thing about all this until he hears it in heaven.

AND SPEAKING of the Legion of Mary, reminds me of still another case of weakness and strength. Haruko's boy friend was a G.I., too. He was a Catholic and told Haruko many things about the Catholic Church. Then he was sent to Korea; and from that war-torn land he wrote to her that his wife in America had just divorced him. It was the first that Haruko knew of a wife in the picture.

Then his weakness appeared. He wrote to Haruko and told her to forget what he had said about the Catholic Church; he bade her look for a Protestant church, and become a Protestant — as he was going to do — and that when he came back to Japan he would marry her.

Well, Haruko began her search, but she had no idea what a Protestant church looked like. One day she saw a building with a cross on it, and she went in. The interior was so quiet and peaceful. She wondered about the little red light that was burning up in front. She

sat there quite a while, watching young men and young women come in and out. Finally she asked one of them if this was a Protestant church. When she learned that it was not

she hurried out.

One of the girls overheard the conversation and told Haruko that there was a Protestant church

only a few blocks away. Haruko started in that direction. Bewildered, she asked a man working in his garden if he knew where the church was.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I've seen those women go by here — it's that big house over there."

Yes, you guessed right. He pointed to the Sisters' convent, but Haruko didn't know it until she was inside. The Sister who has been directing the Legionnaires heard Haruko's story and turned her over to one of the girls for advice.

The upshot? Haruko wrote a strong letter to the G.I. in Korea, chiding him for throwing away his pearl of great price, and telling him that she was becoming a Catholic and would not marry him if he were the last man on earth.

"DO YOU SEE what I mean?" asked Father Winthrop. "God has chosen the weak things to confound the strong, and the foolish to confound the wise. I suppose it really means that human nature is the same in our day as it was in Saint Paul's. At least it is here in Kyoto."

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH



Mother Mary Joseph, foundress and first Mother General of the Maryknoll Sisters. In 1946 the Church gave her officially the title of Mother Foundress, when Mother Mary Columba was elected her successor and leader of her missionary daughters-in-Christ, now numbering more than a thousand.

Maryknoll's first preparatory school candidate was John C. Murrett, of Buffalo, New York. As Father John C. Murrett, veteran missioner from Japan, he returned to the Home Knoll recently and visited Mother Mary Joseph in the infirmary of the Sisters' Motherhouse. The lines that follow were penned on that day.

■ IN THE GOD-GIVEN bond that unites Maryknollers of all ranks, no one, after the founders of the Society, has been so instrumental in fostering a oneness of spirit as has been Mother Mary Joseph. In the struggling, straggling days of 1912-13, when the infant Society was bereft of cooks and all their works and pomps, a lady — "regal in appearance" — could be found in the Seminary kitchen, providing for the inner needs of man; and tradition says that students in those days often prayed that the current cook would quit, so that "Miss Rogers" would again be the queen of cuisine.

Long before she was Mother of the Maryknoll Sisters, Mother Mary Joseph was mothering both communities. Even when the onetime "secretaries" became Sisters, and the convent moved to the other side of the road, that same concern for the whole family filled the heart of Mother. As the Society grew and new tasks were assumed, the personal touch that had created a beautiful spirit on Mary's Knoll reached out even to foreign lands; and wherever a Maryknoll priest went, some influence of Mother Mary Joseph was sure to follow.

The little links in the chain that formed the bond of union were not

great things as the world would judge: a medal of rare design, a sturdy rosary, an unusual book of meditations, or a truly artistic picture; a cake for an anniversary, a box of candy marking another milestone — nothing great, but each of them accompanied by a little note that only a mother could write. Even when the distance was too great, or when wars and rumors of wars made mail difficult and impossible, the daughters so well trained by Mother Mary Joseph seemed to sense her wishes, and Mother's touch would be there to make an occasion unforgettable.

When the communities were small, these evidences of Mother's heart were not difficult to find; but that they should have continued throughout the years when the Maryknoll ranks grew to 2,500 is something of a marvel. It can be attributed only to the one who looked upon every member of the "family" as one of her own children.

WHEN the history of Maryknoll is written in some remote day beyond our time, there can scarcely be a page that will not carry some impress of the world-wide, motherly heart of her who not only fostered but also preserved and perpetuated the Maryknoll spirit and traditions.

Call it merely thoughtfulness — call it sentimentality — call it what you will — to all Maryknollers it will ever be a God-given bond, which came from the heart of Mother Mary Joseph to keep her sons and daughters united on earth and in eternity.



Carmen was BEAUTIFUL

BY FREDERICK P. WALKER

The delicious odor of cooking chicken reached his nostrils.

■ EVERY AFTERNOON Antonio returned to the hovel he called home with a bundle of twigs, for cooking. He presented the twigs to his wife Carmen with all the poise and gallantry of a dapper young man presenting posies to his beloved. All day Antonio wandered around Chillan, earning a few centavos chopping wood, or carrying things for his richer brethren. His one pair of pants and his hand-me-down shirt were ripped and greasy beyond recognition. Carmen, in turn, spent her day foraging in the refuse pile at the local market, or catching floating bits of fruit and vegetables

in the stream that flowed by their home. She wore an old black dress, shiny and stained, and patched a thousand times. It had once been a Maryknoller's cassock.

Antonio made his home with Carmen in a corner formed by two brick walls, which had remained standing when an earthquake shook Chillan into a mass of rubble. Antonio had dexterously arranged branches and had flattened out tin cans, so that there was at least a shelter from the rain and the cold.

The couple's frequent hunger and mutual misery, in the struggle to keep themselves alive, merely served to cement more strongly the bond of love that existed between the two. The affection the two dervishes had for each other was a by-word in the neighborhood.

On Sunday mornings, as soon as church was opened Antonio and Carmen seated themselves halfway up the aisle, and stayed through two Masses. This was their social event of the week, and I believe it was the only time that they sat on anything like a chair. The only furniture in their hovel was a pile of rags and straw where they threw their tired old bones at nightfall.

Once someone chided Antonio for coming to Mass in his dirty rags. Antonio replied, "God doesn't see the dirt, and it is He I visit."

Not many weeks ago, Carmen was watching the stream flow by, alert for any choice morsel. Suddenly she grabbed her pole and fished out a dead chicken. She pulled it ashore and began to pluck it. She rubbed the darkened skin with sand until

it looked bright and tender. Then she hustled to the hut and prepared a delicious chicken soup.

Antonio was more dejected than tired, when he headed home that afternoon. For three days running, he had found nothing to do. He hated not to have a few centavos for his Carmen. But he gathered his bouquet of twigs and started home. The delicious odor of the cooking chicken reached his nostrils.

"It's all for you, Antonio, and what's left over I'll save for tomorrow."

Later that night a weeping Carmen knocked at the rectory door. "Come quickly, Padre, Antonio is very sick. It's all my fault, that chicken and it looked so good."

There was just time to give Antonio the Sacraments before he died.

I bought a coffin for Antonio, and the undertaker promised that he'd send a hearse. It was only a wagon, but it was painted black, and the horse was black, too. The driver didn't think such a humble funeral deserved the slow, sad treatment. Carmen struggled valiantly to keep up with the hearse. In her hand she carried some daisies. She seemed to be carrying them the way Antonio used to carry his bunch of twigs.

I met Carmen a few days later. "I'm fine, Padre, and I'm lucky, too," she said, as she ran her hand along the sleeve of what was once a priest's cassock. "You already gave me a black dress for mourning."

TWO WAYS TO HELP THE MISSIONS



■ WE WANT more people to subscribe to our magazine. You can suggest it to them. Or you can send your friends gift subscriptions, at \$1 a year each.

■ ANOTHER way to help. If more than one copy of *MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR*, is going to your home, we suggest that you write and tell us to combine those subscriptions under one name at your address. We will extend the length of the subscription, for the total amount already paid for all subscriptions thus combined.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Many missionaries in the field tend to make light of the views of the missiologist, the specialist who attempts to make a systematic study of mission problems. In his turn, the missiologist tends to disdain the "shotgun" methods of many a missionary in the field. The truth, as usual, lies somewhere in between.

All admit that sanctity is the first quality for a missionary. But even the dyed-in-the-wool advocate of the "shotgun" procedure would say that the saint might get better results with sanctity plus a method.

Those charged with guiding a mission society rejoice when they find both the man in the field and the man with the book getting together in their approach to mission problems. Mission superiors are pleased when the stimulus to improve the methods comes from the ranks. The best ideas usually come from the man who is in the thick of the fight. Often enough, the administrator is bound down by routine. Too often, the man in the training section is a victim of the "accepted" tradition.

Conversion of the peoples of the earth — people speaking different languages, and possessing different mentalities, customs, cultural backgrounds — presents a real problem for the Church's missionaries. The workers in a given mission field are

best equipped for their missionary task when, after the experience of a period of years, they have carefully built up an accepted technique, not rigid enough to prevent improvement, but well-enough established to preclude the use by individual missionaries of a hit-or-miss, trial-by-error approach that some call the "shotgun" method.

Many veteran missionaries today are engaged in an earnest reconsideration of the entire problem of conversion. Under new Communist masters, our missionaries in China and other areas see things happen that they never thought possible. This is giving them ideas — profitable ideas. They are convinced that when missions operate again in China, the new day will require new ways of calling men to God.

Christ said, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after justice." Our Lord makes no promise to the laggard, to the self-satisfied, to the indifferent, to the negligent, to those merely active for activity's sake. It is very edifying to find that both our apostles in the field and our specialists at home zealously hunger and thirst for better ways to win men's souls.





The Maryknoll Shipping Room

■ FARAWAY PLACES and strange-sounding names! That might be the theme song for the mission shipping rooms at Maryknoll. Here our seminarians pack and crate the thousand-and-one items needed in our far-

flung mission fields. Goods of every kind are handled here: a set of dishes, a diesel motor, Mass vestments, an X-ray machine.

The mission shipping room keeps our seminarians conscious of the many needs of their brother missionaries. It makes them aware that often they depend for their entire support—even down to the last salt shaker—upon the American Catholic people.

HOW MANY MISSIONERS



■ HAVE YOU any idea how many American missionaries are overseas? In 1951, the total was 4,375. Of them, 2,474 were priests or Brothers, and 1,901 were Sisters. This is not a huge number; in fact, it is barely two per cent of the more than 200,000 Americans who, as priests, Brothers, or Sisters, are serving God in religion.

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen reminds Americans that they should do better. We probably supply half of the alms that go to mission lands, states the Bishop, but thus far we have been rather parsimonious in sending out our sons and daughters.

"Our vocation," says Bishop Sheen, "is not merely to pay the bills for other people's flesh-and-

blood sacrifices."

At the present moment, New England is making the best contribution in apostles overseas, with a record of 22 in the field for every 100,000 of its local Catholic population. The Middle Atlantic States are next, with 16 missionaries overseas for every 100,000 Catholics. Then comes the Middle West, with 12 missionaries overseas per 100,000 Catholics. The Pacific Coast States have seven missionaries overseas per 100,000 Catholics; the Rocky Mountain States, six per 100,000; the Southern States, four per 100,000.

New England States

In New England, the heaviest missionary contribution is made by

MISSIONARIES FROM YOUR STATE?



Massachusetts, which supplies over 70% of the section's overseas contingent. The figures are as follows:

State	Catholics	Missioners
Maine	227,192	75
New Hampshire	184,820	32
Vermont	104,846	9
Massachusetts	2,104,231	584
Rhode Island	435,865	70
Connecticut	670,000	42
	<hr/> 3,726,954	<hr/> 812

The Archdiocese of Boston has the best record of any ecclesiastical territory, not only in New England but in the entire United States. Priests, Brothers, and Sisters overseas from Boston number 447; that is, more than ten per cent of the contribution of the Catholics of the entire nation. The present Archbishop of Boston deserves much credit for the extraordinary record of his see.

Middle Atlantic States

Over a third of the Catholics of the United States live in the Middle

Atlantic States, and their contribution is over a third of the American missionaries overseas. The figures are as follows:

State	Catholics	Missioners
New York	4,248,241	702
New Jersey	1,692,836	142
Pennsylvania	2,672,737	473
Md. and D.C.	490,873	156
Delaware	36,857	9
Virginia	84,338	3
West Virginia	89,470	14
	<hr/> 9,315,352	<hr/> 1,499

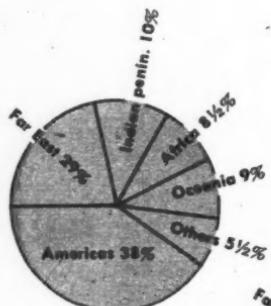
In the Middle Atlantic States, the Diocese of Brooklyn supplies 293 missionary priests, Brothers, and Sisters overseas; the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, 274; the Archdiocese of New York, 223. The sees of Baltimore and Pittsburgh each supply more than a hundred; while those of Buffalo and Newark furnish between 50 and 99, each.

The Middle West

Now Midwesterners, what is your record? The area includes 13 States,

WHERE THEY HAIR FROM

U. S. PRIESTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS OVERSEAS



Fields: MEN MISSIONERS

Africa 207, Far East 709, Indian penin. 245, Oceania 231, Americas 945, Others 133:

Total 2,474

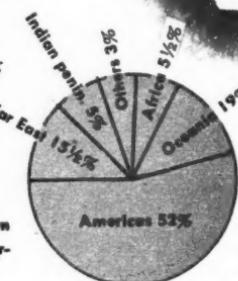
Pacific

Catholics 2,483,413
Missioners 163

Rocky Mountain

Catholics 872,850
Missioners 51

Middle
West



Fields: WOMEN MISSIONERS

Africa 105, Far East 154, Indian penin. 54, Oceania 19, Americas 992, Others 54:

Total 1,903

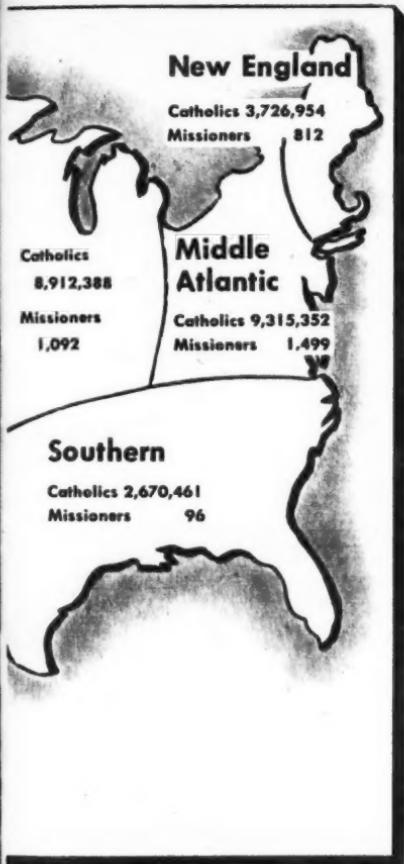
and here we have the figures:

State	Catholics	Missioners
Illinois	2,262,840	204
Indiana	418,183	45
Iowa	360,562	56
Kansas	197,340	22
Kentucky	240,977	36
Michigan	1,369,056	137
Minnesota	637,963	113
Missouri	564,949	152

Nebraska	198,443	30
N. Dakota	131,616	6
Ohio	1,447,511	155
S. Dakota	118,919	6
Wisconsin	964,029	130
	8,912,388	1,092

The Archdioceses of Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis each supply more than 100 overseas priests,

MARYKNOLL



Brothers, and Sisters; while the sees of Cleveland and Milwaukee furnish between 50 and 99, each.

Pacific Coast States

The Pacific Coast States provide figures as follows:

State	Catholics	Missionaries
California	2,134,590	110
Oregon	109,851	13

Washington	238,972	40
	<u>2,483,413</u>	<u>163</u>

The Archdiocese of San Francisco takes the lead for contributions from the Pacific, with 66 priests, Brothers, and Sisters overseas.

Rocky Mountain States

The Rocky Mountain States are still in great part mission territory, hence their overseas figures, though modest, represent real sacrifice:

State	Catholics	Missionaries
Arizona	150,000	1
Colorado	201,970	24
Idaho	28,016	4
Montana	113,875	14
Nevada	23,719	0
New Mexico	280,801	6
Utah	26,165	2
Wyoming	48,304	0
	<u>872,850</u>	<u>51</u>

Southern States

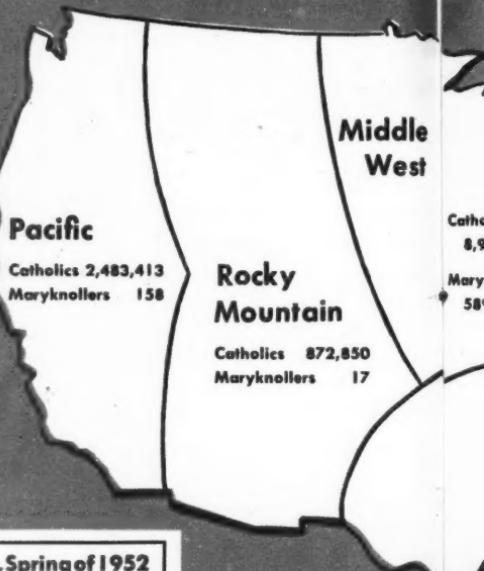
The Southern States, likewise, are in great part mission territory. Here is their overseas contribution:

State	Catholics	Missionaries
Alabama	74,100	8
Arkansas	36,953	3
Florida	72,636	12
Georgia	160,000	5
Louisiana	873,313	32
Mississippi	50,559	3
N. Carolina	22,692	7
Oklahoma	75,748	3
S. Carolina	17,903	2
Tennessee	37,852	2
Texas	1,284,705	19
	<u>2,670,461</u>	<u>96</u>

Statistics taken in heavy quantities are indigestible fare! But since

WHERE THEY HAIL FROM

HOME STATE OF OUR
MARYKNOLL PRIESTS,
BROTHERS, STUDENTS,
AND SISTERS



Sectional Origins of Maryknollers, Spring of 1952

Section	Priests	Brothers	Students	Sisters	Totals
New England	149	25	138	241	553
Middle Atlantic	213	49	325	413	1,000
Middle West	114	33	183	259	589
Pacific	33	9	49	67	158
Rocky Mountain	6	—	5	6	17
Southern	4	6	24	17	51
Foreign	7	7	2	57	73
	526	129	726	1,060	2,441

each of our readers hails from one or the other of the 48 States, we take it for granted that each will find special interest in the contribution of his or her home State to the overseas apostolate.

The individuals of the total of 4,375 priests, Brothers, and Sisters from America, belong to 53 institutes of men and 77 institutes of

women. In the brochure recently published by the Mission Secretariat at NCWC Headquarters in Washington (a handy little volume that you may buy for 35c), Bishop Sheen writes of these missionary institutes as follows:

"Most encouraging is the fact that so many U.S. religious communities have qualified as mission-

Middle West

Southern

Catholics 2,670,461
Maryknollers 51

New England

Catholics 3,734,754
Maryknollers 553

Catholics 8,912,388
Maryknollers 589

Middle Atlantic

Catholics 9,315,852
Maryknollers 1,004

sending societies by contributing personnel. We find 53 religious institutes of men and 77 religious institutes of women with U.S. members overseas. This is splendid! With the passing of the years, as the contribution of each institute grows, our land will possess a powerful, multi-armed host of godly messengers overseas.

"True, at the moment, the missionary contribution of most communities is on the modest side. Five out of the 53 institutes of men supply 57% of all the male personnel. The eight provinces of the Society of Jesus in the United States supply 23% of all our American missionaries; the Maryknoll Fathers supply 15%. Three others — the Redemptorists, the Franciscans, and the Divine Word Fathers — supply jointly an additional 19%. Thus the remaining 43% is supplied by 48 institutes.

"For most of the communities of women, missionary work up to the present is still marginal. Only one out of the 77 institutes has more than 100 U.S. members overseas; namely, the Maryknoll Sisters, with 367. Each of eight other communities counts between 40 and 100 U.S. members overseas, the eight supplying a total of 496 Sisters. Thus, the top nine of the 77 communities of Sisters overseas supply 51% of the total of 1,901 U.S. Sisters in the foreign missions."

Bishop Sheen, in the article referred to above, pleads with American fathers and mothers to give their children to the world apostolate. He writes: "The Christ Who says to the child, 'Give me your heart,' also says to the parents, 'Give me your child for the missions.' The parents are but trustees of that wealth. The child is an arrow put into the quiver of a home, but its target has been set by God for all eternity. Nothing so speeds the arrow to that target as spreading the love of Christ in pagan lands."



SHUTTLE TO THE SEA

BY EDWARD A. WALSH



■ UJI-YAMADA's first Catholic summer camp has just closed for the season. It has rolled up and put away four tents. Thanks to some canvas cloth that Father Murphy had given us in the spring we made three; the other one was borrowed.

The camp site was down by the shore, about ten miles from the mission, on property that belongs to the family of a very zealous catechumen. Every three days during August, we had a departure ceremony at the church and then paraded off to the bus station — one priest, twenty youngsters, four counselors.

Down on the sand the counselors and I thought of getting the tents pitched; the youngsters thought of eating. So after the tents had been set up, we threw together a couple of homemade fireplaces. A friend of mine had printed a special camp prayer book, which contained morning and evening prayers — and also a schedule. The youngsters said their prayers without fail; they were just as careful not to follow the rest of the schedule.

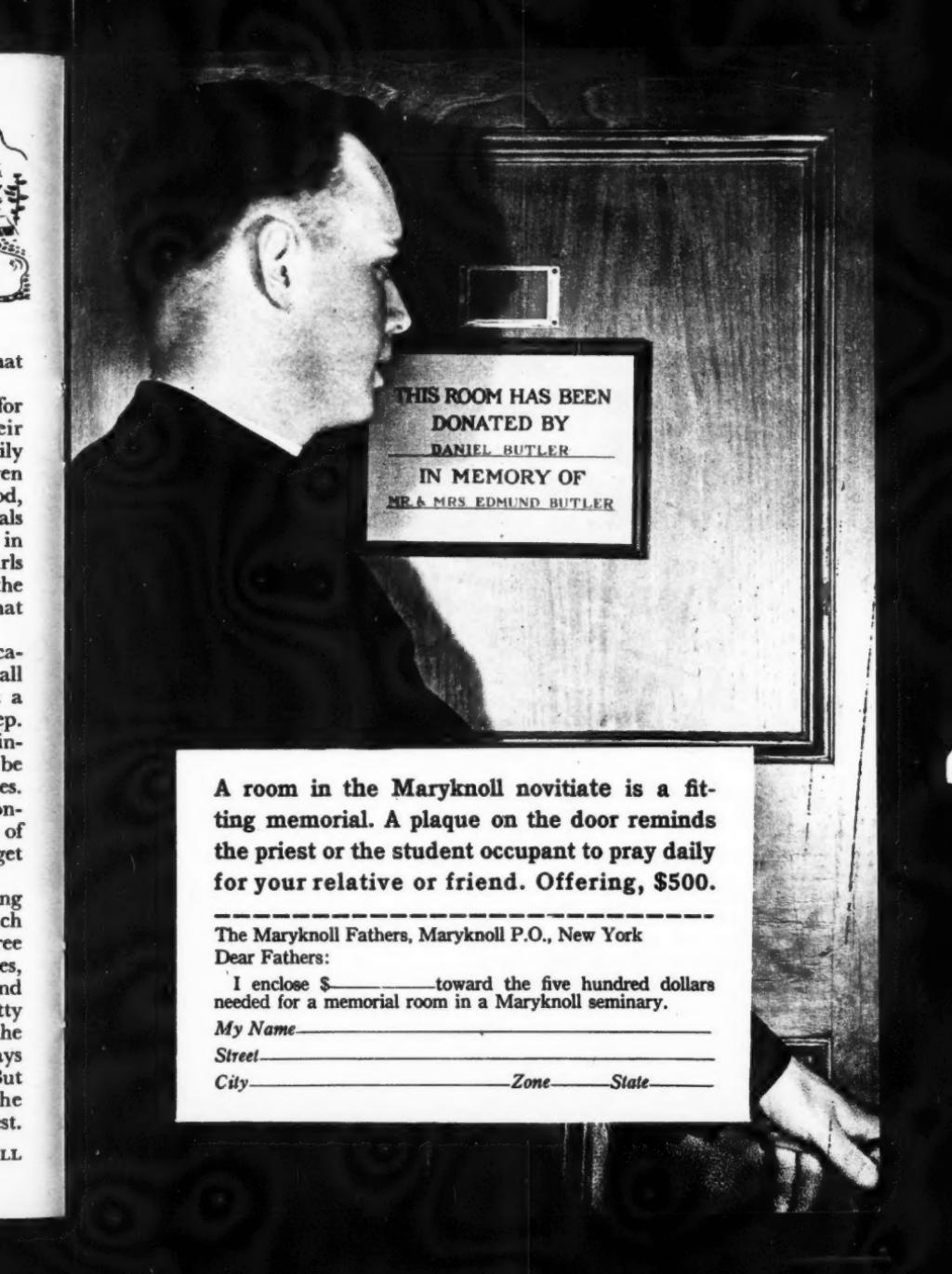
About half the children were from families on relief. If you could see the ramshackle huts they live in the year round in the slums of Uji-Yamada, you'd understand why

it meant so much to get out by that ocean for even a few days.

The mission supplied the rice for those who couldn't bring their own, and also provided for a daily supply of eggs, fish, and milk. Even though a lot of sand got in the food, the youngsters enjoyed the meals immensely. Each group stayed in camp for three days. Boys and girls alternated. I tried to get to the camp during each period, so that the children could have Mass.

Brother William spent his vacation here, much to the delight of all the children. Every day meant a trip to the beach in Brother's jeep. When he came he gave strict instructions that he was not to be pestered by children wanting rides. But he was surrounded and conquered by four times the number of youngsters who could possibly get inside the jeep.

We hope to do the same thing again next year. We'll have each group for a week instead of three days. And we'll have a few classes, like drawing, nature lore, and catechism. I was thinking of a pretty Indian name for the camp, like the Indian names that camps always get back in New England. But I decided that calling it "The Catholic Camp" would be the best.



THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY
DANIEL BUTLER
IN MEMORY OF
MR. & MRS. EDMUND BUTLER

A room in the Maryknoll novitiate is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering, \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

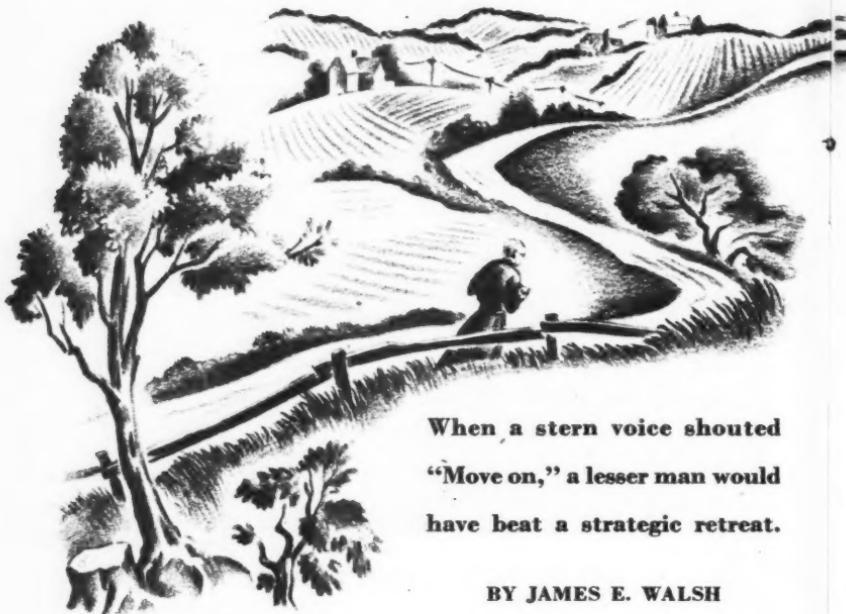
I enclose \$_____ toward the five hundred dollars needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

The Last Leaf on Our Tree



**When a stern voice shouted
"Move on," a lesser man would
have beat a strategic retreat.**

BY JAMES E. WALSH

■ FATHER PRICE was a priest of the horse-and-buggy days, of a generation that was passing. He came to Maryknoll from a lifetime of rural mission work in primitive, pioneering conditions. He represented the village-crossroads, barnstorming, type of the old American tradition.

Everything about his external appearance, from the square-toed Congress gaiters to the baggy trousers and the greenish-black coat,

spoke of another world by manifesting a complete contempt for this one.

All the early Maryknoll seminarians were very fond of Father Price from the first. To us the true, unselfish, unworldly priest was always much more evident in Father Price than the old-fashioned man. One thing that made understanding him relatively easy was the circumstance that most of his unusual prac-



tices stemmed from his great attachment to the Blessed Mother. That gave us pause, for we also thought as he did — that no virtue or devotion could be very extravagant that had her for its object. We often smiled at his eccentricities, but the smiles eventually gave way to respect, sympathy, even a little wistful envy.

Many in the big world outside Maryknoll esteemed Father Price even more than we did. This was true of the more mature among the priests who knew him well. It was true likewise in the diocesan seminaries and in the many convents of nuns he visited periodically. It was true of every lay man or woman who saw in him the personification of prayer, poverty, and piety that his long, hard, faithful years had made him. Lay people seldom mistake the character of a true priest, never that of a holy one. "An American version of the Cure of Ars," was the description of Father Price once given to the writer of this article by an elderly layman who had known him well.

That is an apt description, it would seem. The stern contempt of the world, the incessant immersion

in prayer, the complete living for God, so prominent in the lives of the Cure of Ars and himself could not be ordinary, everyday phenomena. The other term of comparison is perhaps no less apt. Father Price was American: incapable of posing, the old-style, realistic, rough-and-ready, matter-of-fact, take-me-as-I-am, frontier type of American.

Making Maryknoll and its needs known was Father Price's chief occupation, from the very foundation of Maryknoll until the day he left for China. This did not prevent him from giving us his famous spiritual readings over long periods when his promotion field lay close to Maryknoll. He was the spiritual director for many members of the little pioneer family. He filled the chapel, the corridors, the walks, woods, and fields, with long and unceasing prayers. But promotion was his work; and apart from the blessing of his stirring example and wise advice, promotion was his great work, the most helpful contribution among the things he did for Maryknoll.

Father Price and the Photo



A rare photo of Father Price. He posed for it in obedience to Father Superior's wishes, just before leaving for China. Ordinarily Father Price was quite averse to being photographed.

Father Price pioneered in making Maryknoll known. Some of the disadvantages he labored under are surely obvious. He represented a work so new that scarcely anyone in the United States had even heard of it. He had to create among the clergy the beginnings of confidence, to enlist support for a novel enterprise that had not progressed beyond the idea stage. Progress depended almost entirely on what attitude the clergy would take towards the new work, and both Father Price and Bishop Walsh knew that.

Maryknoll had the good fortune to be founded by two men who embodied the best traditions of the American priesthood in their persons. Co-operation with the clergy became their watchword. Thus they insisted from the first on the cardinal principle of basing every approach, conditioning every method, and resting every undertaking, on the good will of the duly appointed pastors of the people. This conception is an essential feature running through the whole administration of the Church. The two co-founders knew and adopted it instinctively.

The time comes back to me when Father Price and Brother Thomas stood at the rectory door of a well-known pastor in Scranton, to be greeted by a loud voice from the inner fastness, bidding them to move on. Brother Thomas said that he was on the point of beating a strategic retreat. He looked at Father Price and found him immovable, smiling, holding up his

FATHER PRICE AND THE GLASS OF WATER

"What'll we do for lunch?" asked a group of seminarians who were helping Father Price in his North Carolina mission.

They knew they would be on the road at lunch-time. Father Price's eyes twinkled. "Just stop at any house and ask for a drink of water. You will surely be asked to join the family for dinner," he said. When the group returned, Father Price asked, "Did it work?" "Work!" replied a seminarian. "At every place I called, I asked for a glass of water — and that's exactly what I got. If I were to eat a potato now, I am sure I could hear it splash!"



rosary in one hand while he continued to thump vigorously on the door with the other.

The door presently opened to the tune of some splutterings and mumblings. A very tall, stern-looking priest suddenly confronted the questing pair. Father Price said nothing — only smiled. The splutterings stopped. The old priest looked them over, saying not a word. Then he abruptly said to Father Price: "Come in, Father, and tell me what you want."

There was no clue to explain the unexpected change. Maybe he saw the rosary, or saw a priest of his own stamp and generation. Father Price winked at Brother Thomas. They went in at the invitation — and they stayed in.

It fell to the lot of Bishop Walsh to plan carefully the whole campaign of underpinning Maryknoll with a good system of enlisting popular support. It fell to Father Price to take the field and give a demonstration of the major approach, and to make it work. Father Price did his part with great zeal and perseverance. He threw into his work a constant stream of prayer and a trustful, childlike, total dependence on the Mother of God, whose newest family stood in need of everything.

"Hello, Fred! Do you still chew tobacco?" was another greeting that met Father Price at a rectory door. It was in San Francisco, when he was on his way to China. Father O'Neill, formerly a fellow seminarian was the greeter. Father Price met this onslaught with a smile, tempered by a deprecatory remark to the young Maryknollers accompanying him. The tyros were delighted to have their revered superior accosted on such a human, semi-affectionate basis, and to hear him return the compliment with some similar facetiousness of his own.

Father Price's brief year in China has often been described. What I chiefly recall is the extraordinary impression he seemed to make on all the people in that new and strange land, including missionaries of all nationalities and travelers of

all descriptions. Most of all, he impressed the good Chinese people themselves. This is, no doubt, a tribute to the superb powers of acute observation possessed by the

Chinese people. It may also be said that is more of a tribute to Father Price than appears at first sight.

When the Chinese call a

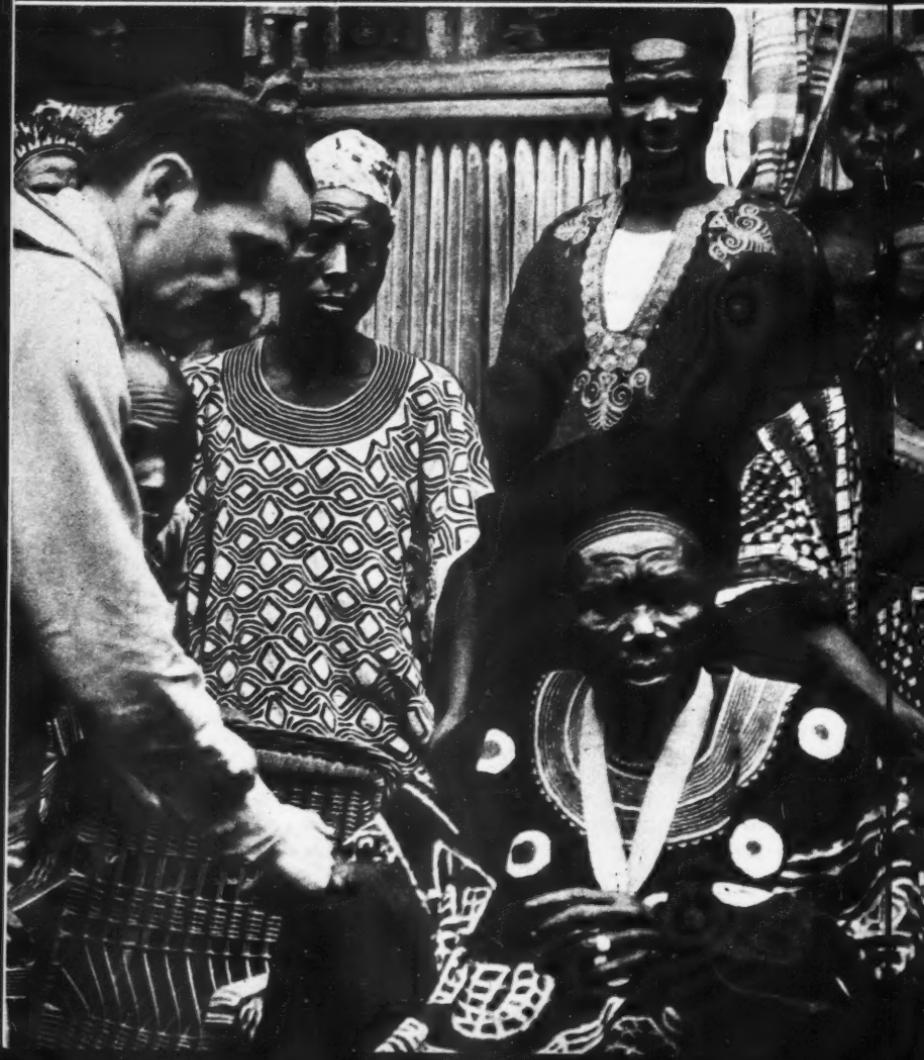
man a saint, one may rest assured that he must be a seraph and a cherub all rolled into one. Hard to be a hero to one's butler? We believe it, but it is a mild achievement compared to passing the inspection of the all-seeing Oriental. You cannot fool all the people all the time, in any country, but you cannot fool any Chinese people at any time in a matter of this kind.

His kindly, smiling, cheerful interest in everybody and his brother, an unalterable patience in all circumstances, incessant prayer, earnest zeal, simple goodness: these were the Pentecostal tongues with which he spoke. They conveyed the peace and charity of God, with unmistakable eloquence, everywhere he went.

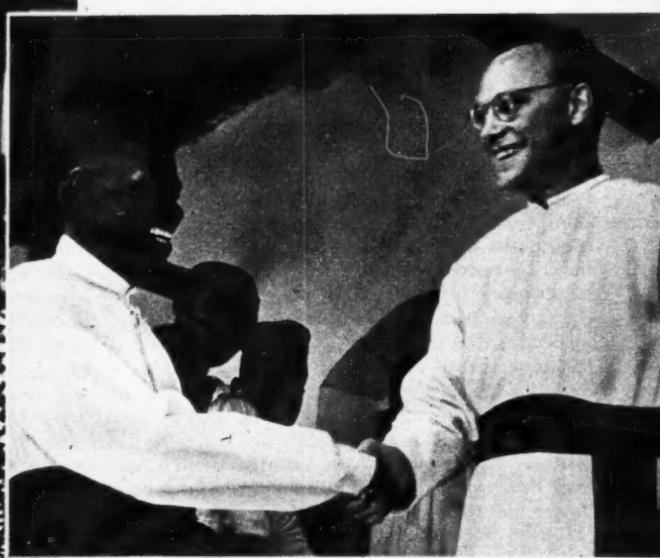
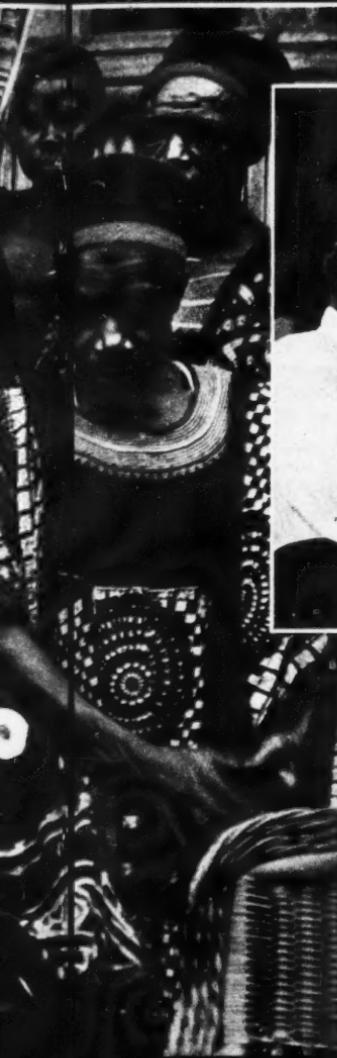
He had the real prize, the true and intimate sharing of the spirit of God, the one pearl of great price that a man may give all he owns to possess. He had charity. I think I know where he got it. Mary, God's Mother, was the star upon his banner, his teacher, his guide.

THE CHURCH
is strong in a country — the Church
really belongs in a country where it
has native priests, Brothers, Sisters,
and teachers. For more than thirty
years Maryknoll has trained these
four groups in every one of its
missions.

WHERE A MAN IS



N HAS 600 WIVES



TIME MARCHES ON

The Fon of Bikom, in the Cameroons, was recently accused of having 600 wives. We see him greeting a member of the United Nations who had to agree that, good or evil, the Fon was doing only what his ancestors have long done. His ways are the ways of yesterday. The young African shaking hands with Monsignor Grondin at Musoma is a recently ordained Catholic priest, one of hundreds among today's progressive Africans.

IN PRAISE OF THE BACK PEWS



BY JOSEPH G. COSGROVE

■ FROM DISTANT TAIWAN, on the island of Formosa, I respectfully submit the thesis that the back pews of most mission churches hold more bumptious faith than the rest of the chapel combined. Indeed, it is hard to take one's eyes from the back pews lest the little people, roaming and crawling about, wander off. It's a noisy place, but the angels tread there lightly.

We haven't gotten around to regimenting the children in front pews, guarded over by watchful Sisters. Those over seven usually find their way up front and stay there; but the littler people reconnoiter by the back doors, in a world I have come to regard as a combined angel fold and bargain basement. The mothers are steeped in loud prayer, but their charges are steeped in various missions.

Most good American Sisters would get the holy horrors in my mission chapel. The tots try to shinny up the holy water font; some get to the top; some fall in it. They crawl under the pews — inspect the organ — and try to imitate their elders by genuflecting as they pass the aisle, only to fall down.

Every once in a while some mother reaches out for her child and gives it a lusty wallop. A lovely old blind lady in the congregation notices when the noise gets too loud. She starts out in the direction of the noise, and swings expertly until a little angel is silenced.

At other times old Widow Huang takes it upon herself to rise, genuflect with dignity, and backhand any kid making too much noise not directed to the Lord. Or if a youngster finds its way to the sanctuary and endeavors to crawl onto the altar, he is quickly retrieved and re-oriented by some village elder.

Perhaps I should accuse myself of irreverence for not insisting on better order in God's house. However, I haven't reached that point as yet. Tell the mothers to keep their children at home and the mothers will be obliged to stay home too. Anyway, the drone of the elders praying aloud usually drowns out the various and sundry sounds made by the youngsters.

I'm sure there's a certain divine humor overlooking this bumptious and noisy scene. That's why the back pews are dear to me.

4 OPPORTUNITIES
for you

to help
CHRIST IN CHILE

NEW CONVENT
for Sisters
IN CHILLAN

\$5000



REPAIRS
OF HOUSE
being converted
to convent
IN CUREPTO

\$1500



A
New Chapel
FOR CHILLAN
2500 PEOPLE
IN PARISH

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A JEEP
to be used as
AMBULANCE
FOR SICK CALLS
FOR TRANSPORTING
MASS APPOINTMENTS

\$1500



Wayfarers All

■ FACES are eloquent in their own way, but surely it is a cryptic eloquence. What is behind them? Six smiles and three scowls just went by. Now comes row on row of sphinx-like masks, intent on something no doubt but giving no clue whatever to what it might be. A sea of faces on a busy Shanghai street — anonymous, inanimate, impassive, geared to the street. Read them who can.

In and out, up and down, the faces go, weaving and bobbing. There goes the corrugated brow that seems to speak of care; and here comes the roving, saucy stare that does not seem to know what care is. The fur-coat faces come along, well bred and well fed, apparently; and cheek by jowl with them are the less schooled, more expressive countenances of the busy or idle shopkeepers, housewives, clerks, runners, peddlers, beggars, and plain loafers who bustle or saunter about and around.

There is added one touch of beauty: those living pansies and rosebuds. Colorful and effervescent are the fresh little faces of rollicking boys and prattling babies who find

their way into the tangled web — and under the feet, almost — of every city, town, and village crowd.

The look of consternation is not absent from the parade, either: it is to be found on the faces of two policemen who have been suddenly paralyzed by the indignant screech of one tattered old woman. Someone extracted something — the dubious value of which will now rise astronomically — from her market basket when she was looking the other way. Her sentiments can be known from her face, if nobody else's can — as well as from the remarkable vocabulary at her command.

Meanwhile one superb old coolie, clad in a raincoat made from discarded automobile tire inner tubes, settles himself comfortably on a cartload of coal, dangles his bare legs over the cart tail, and turns patrician, sculptured features this way and that, in his lordly survey of the passing scene.

Faces, faces. The worried, wistful, hurried and unhurried faces; the faded and lined faces; the sparkling, dancing, dimpled faces: all



This Month's Cover

Jimmy enjoys his *bento* — Japan's frugal and compactly packed dish of cold rice and dry fish — after an exhausting morning watching a parade. Note the neatness and thriftiness that prompt Jimmy's mother to attach a handkerchief to his shirt with a safety pin.

are there. There must be something behind all of them; or so at least their owners must fondly believe. But does anybody know what it is? Does anybody care?

OF A TRUTH somebody cares in each single case. Also, everybody cares to some decent degree, about the whole composite procession of humanity and what it is up to. But nobody knows the full story behind the faces; that is another profundity altogether. What lurks in the mind of the passers-by, makes them all hurry or dawdle along — keeps them in circulation — stirs and pushes them eternally around? Take it easy. There are limits to human knowledge. They scarcely know that much about themselves; and there is very little chance that anybody else will ever know it, except God.

Take faces in the round. That is the most satisfactory way to take them, is very likely the way God intended them to be taken. Even that is no small assignment. It would take Charles Dickens and Michelangelo together — and you might add Aristophanes and Jimmy Hatlo, too — just to paint the mere surface of the gorgeous collection, so it is not reasonable to expect that you will delve deeper and learn more.

True, there is something behind faces — much even, of the highest interest. But there is something written on them; and you ought to be entirely satisfied with it, cryptic or not. What are faces doing? They are being human all day long, right in front of your eyes, treating you to the world's most distinguished

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

performance. It is for you to admire faces; it is for their Maker to understand them.

Yet whatever may be behind the individual faces, the same goal is in front of all the faces. They go their separate ways for separate reasons — the fur coats and the beggars, the surly scowls and the laughing lips, the bent old forms ending life, and the tiny cherubs just beginning it — and yet all their devious routes and eccentric sallies converge in the very same direction. Wayfarers all. Human hearts on the great pilgrimage: some running, some stumbling, but all on their way to God.

—Bishop James E. Walsh

The WHOLE Christ

Babe of Bethlehem
born for all!

Dear Fathers, I like your Christmas cards because they are beautiful, but much more than that. They help put the WHOLE Christ in Christmas, the Christ who came to Bethlehem and later died on Calvary for rich, poor, black, white and yellow of every land on Earth. I hope you sell millions of them.

E.G.F., Boston, Mass.

Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

9-2

Please send me:

Please send your Christmas card fund-raising plan and sample box of cards.

\$ _____ enclosed Please bill me.

Mr.

Mrs.

Miss } (please print or write your name clearly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CHRIST CHILD CHRISTMAS CARDS

Box of 21 cards \$1.00

Ask for our fund raising plan and price schedule for quantity orders.



PUBLISHER CRAIG

■ FATHER HUGH CRAIG, Maryknoll Missioner with twenty years of experience in Korea, is now working as a chaplain among North Korean prisoners of war.

Father Craig is a Department-of-the-Army civilian chaplain. He serves the immense hospital for prisoners of war on Korea's mainland.

During the past year Father Craig has published eight religious books in Korean, for the use of his parishioners. These include an illustrated Bible History, a complete catechism, an introductory catechism, a translation of Bishop Sheen's *Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary*, an illustrated *Life of Christ*, a book of instruction for nurses and doctors, and a small prayer book.

Father has also published a few books in Chinese and a complete *New Testament* in Korean. The first edition of the *New Testament* has been exhausted and a new edition is on the press. In addition Father

plans to put out a Sunday missal and a combination prayer book and hymnal.

Father James Pardy, another Maryknoller, works among some 152,000 Korean prisoners on Koje-do Island. He tells us that over 1,000 prisoners are Catholics. Another Maryknoller, Father Roy Petripen, also serves as a civilian chaplain in the prison camps on Koje-do. The two Maryknollers have some 2,000 Korean prisoners under instruction in Christian doctrine.

Father Ivo O'Sullivan, an Irish Franciscan, serves as chaplain to 17,000 Chinese prisoners of war. There are 120 Catholics among them.

Missioners, whether Korean or foreign and whatever their assignment, constantly need Catholic literature in Korean. They now have a modest supply, thanks to Publisher Craig. Much has been done; there's lots still to do.



Tribe on the March

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK

Meet the Luo — they while away
the years, rustling cattle and
fiercely warring on other tribes.

■ SOMETIME in the past, before the Europeans came to East Africa with their history books, the forefathers of the Luo tribe (among whom Maryknollers work) lived up north, somewhere along the Nile River. Some Luo claim that the Sudan was their first home; others say that it was Egypt, which, curiously enough, they call by its ancient Hebrew name, *Misiri*.

One fine day a band of Luo hunters worked south as far as present-day Kenya. When they saw Lake Victoria, they decided that it was the place for them. They sent home for the wives, the kids and the cows, stuck a few *maribwa* stalks in the ground to supply their unvarying meals of *kuon*; and were at home.

The Luo whiled away an indefinite period of years, warring on other tribes, stealing cattle, and in their spare time, pulling out their children's six lower front teeth. Their spears must have been pretty sharp, because from those first settlements in Kenya, they spread out, occupying the whole northeastern lake shore, and coming down into what is now Tanganyika.

The Luo were and are an enthusiastic people. Like the other tribes in East Africa, they were constantly at war with the nomadic Masai tribe. These latter specialized in cattle rustling and wife-stealing. Today, in many parts of East Africa, can be seen the stone fortifications into which cattle and women were herded for protection during raids.

It is surprising that having had so much contact with the Masai, the Luo chose cattle rustling as their favorite sport. In every village the cattle pens were small fortifications, intricately constructed so as to foil, if possible, any attempts at rustling.

The British and German colonial governments discouraged tribal warfare, but they could not stop Luo expansion. Nowadays the Luo have more peaceful means of expansion. At times they move into uninhabited areas. Or if some other tribe is already in a fine place, the Luo come to work there. Just a few men at first, then their families, then more families until they finish by adding a new area to Luo-dom. *

So far their effective expansion

has followed the lake shore, but there are Luo scattered throughout East Africa.

It's easy to spot a Luo — not just because he lacks six front teeth, but because his facial characteristics are different from those of the aboriginal Bantu tribesmen. The Luo resemble, as much as anything else, those nice, round Polish faces one sees in Milwaukee. A shade or two darker, no doubt, but as handsome a people as you may find.

Some missionaries claim that the Luo will beat the other Africans out of their lands, their languages, and cultures, and beat the whole crowd of us to heaven. Ever since the Mill Hill Fathers started working among the Luo up in Kenya, there

have been many conversions among them. The White Fathers in Tanganyika had similar experience. Now Maryknollers are seeing it here.

The Luo readily study the doctrine and become good Christians. They have a battle, living as they do among pagan neighbors. But they keep coming into the Church. The number of conversions among this tribe is practically limited only by the scarcity of missionaries to instruct them. For all of that, the Luo tribe, and it's a numerous and aggressive one, is in a fair way to becoming wholly Christian.

The Luo may well be an instrument of God's loving and merciful providence for the spread of Christ's kingdom in East Africa.

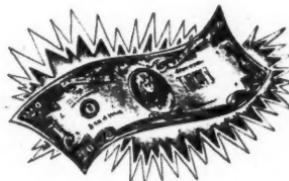
FOUND — SOMETHING OF VALUE

■ JOHN placed an ad in our local newspaper:

FOUND — Something of value, Monday, downtown building. Identify. Pay for ad. Call . . .

The telephone number he gave rang and rang, after the newspaper hit the streets. The callers had lost a lady's wrist watch, a billfold, a social-security card, a gift-wrapped box containing an Elgin wrist watch, three strands of pearls, a ring, a dress box, a topcoat, three sweaters, a Bible, a pair of gloves, and even a black Hudson seal muff.

The calls kept coming. But no one asked for the article of value. Finally the calls stopped.



"What's the story, John?" I asked. I just had to know.

"I guess people don't think money is something of value," he said. "Here is what I found. Since no one claimed this \$20 bill, send it to Maryknoll."

I did.

AFIELD with the MARYKNOLL SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

■ FOR ALL her name of "Sweetness," Ah Tim had a mind of her own. She was sixteen when I found that out. I didn't like it any too well then; but later, when the Reds came and my life hung on the fidelity of folks like Ah Tim, I thanked God for her clever tongue and iron will.

She came with her sister who was marrying a Catholic and needed instructions. "I'm here as a companion," said Ah Tim. "I do not wish to become a Catholic."

Her sister finished the course, was baptized, and was married.

A year and a half later, Ah Tim pulled our bell. "I can't resist any longer," she said wearily. "God gives me no peace. When may I be baptized?"

I asked a few questions and found that she had absorbed far more Catholic doctrine than her sister had. She was ready for baptism. Not long after that, Ah Tim's brother fell ill. She cared for him and told him about the Faith.

When that brother was baptized, the next brother asked for baptism. "If being a Catholic makes one as kind as my sister was to my brother, then I think it is the true religion," said the new candidate. A third brother and the mother of the

family were converted through Ah Tim's efforts.

When the Reds came to our village, they arrested Ah Tim. But the Holy Ghost was with her in the interrogations, held always in the middle of the night.

The Reds tried persuasion. "Why," asked the examiner, "should a bright young woman like you follow foreigners? Christianity is a Western religion."

"Oh, no," countered Ah Tim. "Jesus was born in Palestine, a part of Asia. We Catholics do not follow a Westerner; rather, all Christians follow an Asiatic when they follow Christ."

"You are hopelessly stupid." The Reds were completely baffled. They released her in five days.

However, they haven't given up hope of trapping her. When I was expelled from China, after twenty-nine years there, Ah Tim was being shadowed day and night by spies. Nonetheless, so long as there was a priest at the mission, she walked four miles each Sunday for Mass.

It would not surprise me to hear one day that Ah Tim had poured her sweetness forth as martyr's blood, for the Faith she loves and spreads so courageously.

Sister's beads caught his eye.





says the smile on a Japanese child's face.

Maryknoll Sisters are ambassadors of Christ. They go to strange lands to give His riches to all who ask for them. Small wonder, then, that those who thirst for Christ are happy to welcome the Sisters.

Trained and ready for work,
eager to spend their lives for God,
assigned to Asia, Africa, Latin America, Pacific
Islands—30 Maryknoll Sisters await only
the boatfare to send them to their missions.

*And that is, on the average, \$500. What is YOUR
part in sending God's messengers to your brothers
of every race?*

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

The enclosed \$ _____ will send a Sister (part way) (entirely)
to her corner in Christ's Vineyard.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as I can, I will send \$ _____ a month to help support a Maryknoll Sister. I understand that I may discontinue this aid at any time.

■ "SEÑOR DOCTOR, I've told you time and again you shouldn't do that."

"*Bien, Francisca,*" I replied. "But what good are those physician's samples I threw away?" I offered her a chair.

"Senor Doctor," she began, "up in Durango many years ago, a little baby was born, and this baby ran into a lot of tough luck. The mother died shortly after the birth, and there was no one in town who could nurse the infant. The rainy season had driven the cattle up country, and that meant there wasn't even cow's milk for the howling youngster.

"It wasn't long before the baby's howls died to mere whimpers — about all it could manage on a diet of cornstarch and water. The baby's father knew that there wasn't much hope of getting cow's milk for at least two days. So he took the infant to the parish church to have it baptized.

"At the parish church, a missioner performed the ceremony. Afterwards the baby's father was wondering how long it would be before he would be burying his daughter when he heard the missioner say: 'God has been good to us, Senor. My doctor friend just sent me this physician's sample of powdered baby milk. Maybe it will be enough until you can get a cow down from the pasture.'

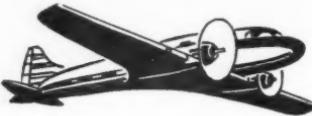
"The baby got enough strength out of that small can of powdered milk to live until cow's milk was available.

"I ought to know what a physician's sample can do," she added. "I was that baby."

MIRACLE OF THE MILK SAMPLE

BY THOMAS
P. O'ROURKE





Operation Diaper Lift

■ FATHER PETER PETRUCCI planned to take only his breviary, a change of clothing, and a toothbrush, when he boarded a plane in Carrillo Puerto for Merida, where he was headed in order to make his annual Retreat. Little did he realize that, as a central figure of operation diaper lift, he would have to tote some live cargo into the plane with him.

It all started the afternoon before the trip. Mariana Novelo, harassed and worried, sought out Father Petrucci. "Ay! what will I do?" she asked. "The doctor said my Luisito will die if he doesn't get to Merida for an operation. I can't pay for the trip or the operation."

The solution was obvious to the Padre. "Just leave it to me," Father assured Mariana.

So it was that the following day, Father Pete had company in the plane — Luisito. The

mother waved a sad good-by from the shelter alongside.



As the plane landed in Merida, Brother Cornelius entered the scene. Yessir! he had arranged with Dr. Rubio to admit the tot to the children's hospital, and to perform the operation. Luisito was an overnight guest at the Maryknoll house. Brother Cornelius, who has been tinkering with the guitar, seemed to be waiting for this opportunity in order to try out some lullabies. Accompanied by trombonist Father Walter Winrich, he played Luisito into slumberland, while Drusula, the cook, rocked the hammock.

The operation was a success.

And now Luisito wanted to go home immediately. Father Robert Lee took the baby as far as Chetumal. There a burly pilot agreed to deliver Luisito into the waiting arms of his mother. "Just strap him in the front seat," said the pilot.

The yellow plane took off, with Luisito up front. And so ended Operation Diaper Lift.



"You Christians do not Steal"

BY WILLIAM A. FLETCHER

■ AS I PUT ASIDE the morning paper, with its lurid accounts of graft, political scandals, and the sordid facts uncovered by Congressional investigating committees, I could not help but recall the visit of Ah Ching, made when I was pastor in Yeuungkong, China. Ah Ching exemplified the things that make this world a better place to live in.

I was in the front yard and had just finished planting sunflower seeds along one side of the mission wall. Ah Ching spotted me from the street and entered the grounds.

He introduced himself, and said that he would like to become a Christian. I invited him into the office. As we chatted, I found that Ah Ching lived in a small village, thirty miles away. He was the happy father of a family of five children — three boys and two girls. On the death of his father, Ah Ching had inherited about nine acres of rice land. I congratulated this hardy Chinese farmer on his prosperity.

"The earth is good," he said. "Besides feeding my family, it allows me to save enough for the rebuilding of our humble ancestral home, now lying in ruins."

I wondered, however, about his motives for joining the Church.

"Ah Ching, just why do you wish to become a Christian?" I asked.

"Spiritual Father, I have noticed the way of life of your Christians," he replied: "It is a good life. They never go out at night to remove or push back the boundary stones of our rice fields, like my non-Christian neighbors sometimes do. They do not steal. Recently our elders ordered that the thief who stole the clan's funds should be punished by having his heel tendons severed. It was the Christians who protested against such mutilation, and won."

Ah Ching's reply reminded me of the days of the early Church, when so many Romans were converted by the daily example of the first Christians. Ah Ching and his family were received into the Church.

As I reminisced, I thought of what a prominent writer recently said: "We broadcast daily by our conduct, and we never know how many are watching us and are being influenced by the way we live."

If men like Ah Ching are influenced by the good example of Christians, how many have been repelled from

Christianity by the notorious actions of Christian men in public office. Their bad example has lost many.

THAT TAX MAN

must like you and us, too! He has ruled to help both of us. Contributions to Maryknoll are deductible for Federal Income Tax purposes.

Mr. B. Sizes up the Missioner

Mr. B., a New York businessman who has paid many visits to Maryknoll, sent us the lines that follow. When this man was young, his ambition was to become a missioner to China, but circumstances changed his course in life. He now has two sons in the United States Naval Air Force. See if you agree with his idea of what a missioner should be.

MEN WANTED — for the toughest job on earth!

If you are between the ages of 16 and 21, of sound mind and strong body —

If you have a sense of humor and common sense, intelligence, and courage —

YOU may be the sort of man we want to train as a missioner.

It is no job for the timid. Missioners go unarmed onto the battle-fields, to minister to the wounded and the dying. They go into plague-stricken cities, into leper colonies, into flooded areas, into famine country — to organize rescue and relief.

It is no job for a snob. Important, cultured people will be among your friends; but many of those you serve will be uneducated, unwashed, quarrelsome; some may seem to be your enemies. It will be your task to teach them right living, moderation, patience, and the love of God.

It is no job for those of feeble purpose. You will meet neglect, indifference, discouragement. You must overcome them. If you fail, you must go back



and back and back, until you succeed. If you do brilliantly, your reward will be other and harder tasks.

WHY do we tell you such bad things about the mission job? Why do we make it sound so hard?

Partly because it is hard; chiefly because the only man with a chance to become a missioner is the man who gets fun out of doing hard things.

Not many fellows really, deep down in their hearts, want to become test pilots, or yellow-fever researchers, or polar explorers. There's too little profit, there's too much risk, in such work. But some choose it. We want men like that.

Not many fellows care to become social workers — to spend their lives helping the unfortunate, the stupid, the exploited, the drunken and sick and criminal, protecting fools from their own folly. Yet some do. We need men with that sort of love and pity in their hearts.

We need men who can go on.



Missioners are God's shock troops, the commandos among all the Christian soldiers. They clear the way, they take the beachheads, they are highly trained to do what others cannot do. When a fighting war is over, its commandos return to their friends and their homes; but the missioner's war goes on as long as he lives.



There is no end but death.

BUT missioners are cheerful: they aren't grim. The work must have a good side.

Yes it has. We promise you a hard, laborious life, a dangerous life, far from home and friends. Yet you will find it satisfying.

For in a world where most men are destroyers, you will be a builder; where most compete, you will co-operate; where most are in turmoil, you will be serene.



You will not envy riches, for you will depend upon the riches of Christ. You will not miss home and

fireside, for all mankind will be your family. After leaving old friends, you will find new ones wherever you go.



You will feel God's hand on your shoulder; and the strength of the hills will uphold you until your task is done, and the Wisdom that guides the stars will guide you when you call upon It.

YOU can turn this page, and put it aside, and forget it, if you wish to.

It is a challenge, of course, but no one is under obligation to answer it. If you are of the 99,000 out of every 100,000 men, you should certainly not answer it.



We want you only if you know, deep down inside you, that you are the man to answer this call. We want you only if you choose yourself.

Any young man interested in the idea of becoming a Maryknoller, should write to:

**MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK**

9-2

Dear Fathers:

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest Brother Sister

(Check one.) I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____



SATAN IN THE MOUNTAINS



BY EDWARD J. MCGUINNESS

■ THE INDIAN's face glowed with satisfaction when he saw me. "Father, my wife and I need some advice," he said as he handed me a fat, white chicken.

"Come into the office," I said, stepping inside to allow them to enter. As the barefooted wife passed, she handed me a big pineapple.

Both of them were quite nervous. The woman spoke first: "Two days ago, Padre, I was terribly frightened. I was alone in the house, at about five o'clock in the evening. Suddenly out of nowhere, a fierce animal appeared in the center of the room. It had the head of a tiger but the body of a boy. It looked at me, hissed and growled, and then disappeared after jumping into the fire."

I asked her to continue.

"When my husband came into the house, I told him what had happened. He took me to the *cheman* (witch doctor). We told him everything and asked him what we should do.

"The *cheman* replied that he would have to do a ritual ceremony, in order to find out about the strange animal. He did the ceremony and then consulted his secret book. The reading revealed that the animal was unquestionably the devil, and unless we went to the

priest in Jacaltenango within three days, the devil would return to torment us."

By this time the Indian was trembling, and the woman had buried her head in her hands to hide her tears.

"What shall we do, Father?" she asked. "This is the third day, and surely the animal will come again tonight."

They told me that they were from the town of Petatan, about eight hours' walk from Jacaltenango. They had trudged all morning to get here. The couple had been baptized, but they had never made their confession or received Holy Communion. They were living together without having received the sacrament of matrimony. They never had an opportunity to learn about the Faith, not even the chance to learn the simple doctrine of the catechism. They had often consulted the witch doctor and had frequently performed the rites of the old pagan religion — sacrificing a turkey and offering its blood to the gods of the hills and the spirits of the air.

I thought it most unusual that the *cheman*, to whom they had gone, should direct them to the priest. It seemed as though the kingdom of

Satan were divided against itself. I assured the Indian and his wife: "Follow my advice. And if you see the animal again, it will not terrify you. You will conquer it. You must become friends of God, and enlist His help against this animal that you are sure is the devil. Promise our Blessed Mother that you will start to learn the doctrine; and at the same time, have in your hearts a desire to obey the law of God."

The Indian and his wife knelt before a statue of the Blessed Mother and promised faithfulness to God. I gave them a bottle of holy water and God's blessing, and they left, thanking me over and over.

About three weeks later the couple came to see me a second time. They told me that the animal had appeared to them again. At first they

were frightened. But then they remembered the promises they had made before the statue of the Virgin and grew confident.

In the excitement the wife threw

the holy water, bottle and all, at the horrible creature. It writhed and squirmed as if in pain, and then changed itself into a serpent. It slith-

ered around the fire that was burning brightly in the center of the room. Suddenly it crawled into the fire and vanished. The animal has not returned since.

What should we think of such a story? Among "evolved" North Americans, it will certainly be branded as quaint. Every thoughtful Christian, however, will recall that Satan fights unceasingly in every part of the kingdom of Christ. What do you think?

OUR MISSION PEOPLE
the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, the Formosans, the Filipinos, the Hawaiians, the Africans, the Latin Americans, pray gratefully for all Maryknoll benefactors who make it possible for them to have missionaries.

INDY ANN PLAYS OUTFIELD

BY PAULI



The Maryknoll Roundup

Even in China. Father R. Russell Sprinkle, Maryknoll Missioner from Middletown, Ohio, spent his last five months in China cooling his heels in the Wu-chow jail. He comments on his experiences under the Communists: "I learned about raising rabbits under the Reds. It was one way of assuring a steady supply of food for the mission personnel. By the time the Reds forced me to leave China I had developed a fine rabbit farm. It was a wonderful way to stay busy and keep my mind off the trouble."



FR. SPRINKLE

New Version. A lack of rain, coupled with a coal shortage resulted in erratic rationing of electrical current in Japan. Frequent alternating between electric and candle light wasn't conducive to night language study, so Father Constantine F. Burns, a Toledo, Ohio Maryknoller, in charge of the Karasaki language school — took the necessary measures. He gave a new version of the



FR. BURNS

classical Diogenes going about with a lamp in search of an honest man: Father Burns sent an honest man to go about the town in search of a lamp. However, it was Father Burns himself who finally got results. He procured, as well, a tidy supply of oil for the lamps of the language students on the quiet shores of Lake Biwa.

So Near and Yet. A refugee from Chinnampo in North Korea, brought this story to a Maryknoller in Pusan: When U.S. planes appeared over Chinnampo last fall, many Christians ran out into the streets, shouting, "Father Pa is coming back."

Father Pa is coming back." Many of them expected their old and dear friend, Father Hubert M. Pospichal, Maryknoll Missioner from Elma, Iowa, to drop down out of the skies. Father Pospichal had wound himself around the heartstrings of Chinnampo's people.



FR. POSPICHAL

Sun-Moon Lake People. Father John J. Sullivan, Maryknoll Missioner from Scranton, Pa. recently visited the mountainous eastern section of

the Maryknoll prefecture on the island of Formosa. There he saw a dance put on by the primitive natives. "They are a wild people," writes Father Sullivan, "and if the stories we hear can be believed, they were only recently weaned from head-hunting. Their dress is colorful and unique. One of their favorite pastimes is tattooing. They carry this to the extent of tattooing a band of vivid color down the middle of the face. Maryknollers hope to start a mission among these quaint and interesting people."



FR. SULLIVAN

All's Well That Ends. The Indians in Jacaltenango, Guatemala, were worried about their pastor Father Paul J. Sommer, while he was in Boston on furlough. Some thought he might not acclimate himself to the weather or the food, and might get sick. However, the sight of the

returning pastor, smiling and riding his big horse down the main street of Jacaltenango, took away all such doubts about his physical welfare. The doubts are in the category of things reserved for the day when there is time to talk about such things — after the corn is harvested and the winter wheat is sown.

Strange Mixture. "In Bolivia," writes Father Thomas P. Golden, Maryknoll Missioner from Manhattan, "where potatoes were first discovered, they grow no bigger than hen's eggs.

One of the priests saw a strange sight: one of the Indians held aloft a smoking pot. Other Indians sprinkled the four corners of the field with *chicha*. They claimed they were offering a prayer to the Virgin for a plentiful harvest. Their faith is a sad mixture of Catholic devotion and pagan practices."



FR. GOLDEN

MARYKNOLL HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

Maryknoll Seminary
GLEN ELLYN, Illinois

Maryknoll Novitiate
BEDFORD, Mass.

Maryknoll Brothers' Novitiate
1075 W. Market Street
AKRON 3, Ohio

Maryknoll Junior College
LAKEWOOD, New Jersey

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
71 Jewett Parkway
BUFFALO 14, N.Y.

4407 Canal Street
NEW ORLEANS 19, Louisiana

Maryknoll Seminary
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
20 Newton Street
BROOKLINE 46, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Calif.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
4569 W. Pine Blvd.
ST. LOUIS 8, Missouri

121 E. 39 Street
NEW YORK 16, New York

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
6700 Beechmont Avenue
CINCINNATI 30, Ohio

514 Sixteenth Avenue
SEATTLE 22, Washington

1421 N. Astor Street
CHICAGO 10, Illinois

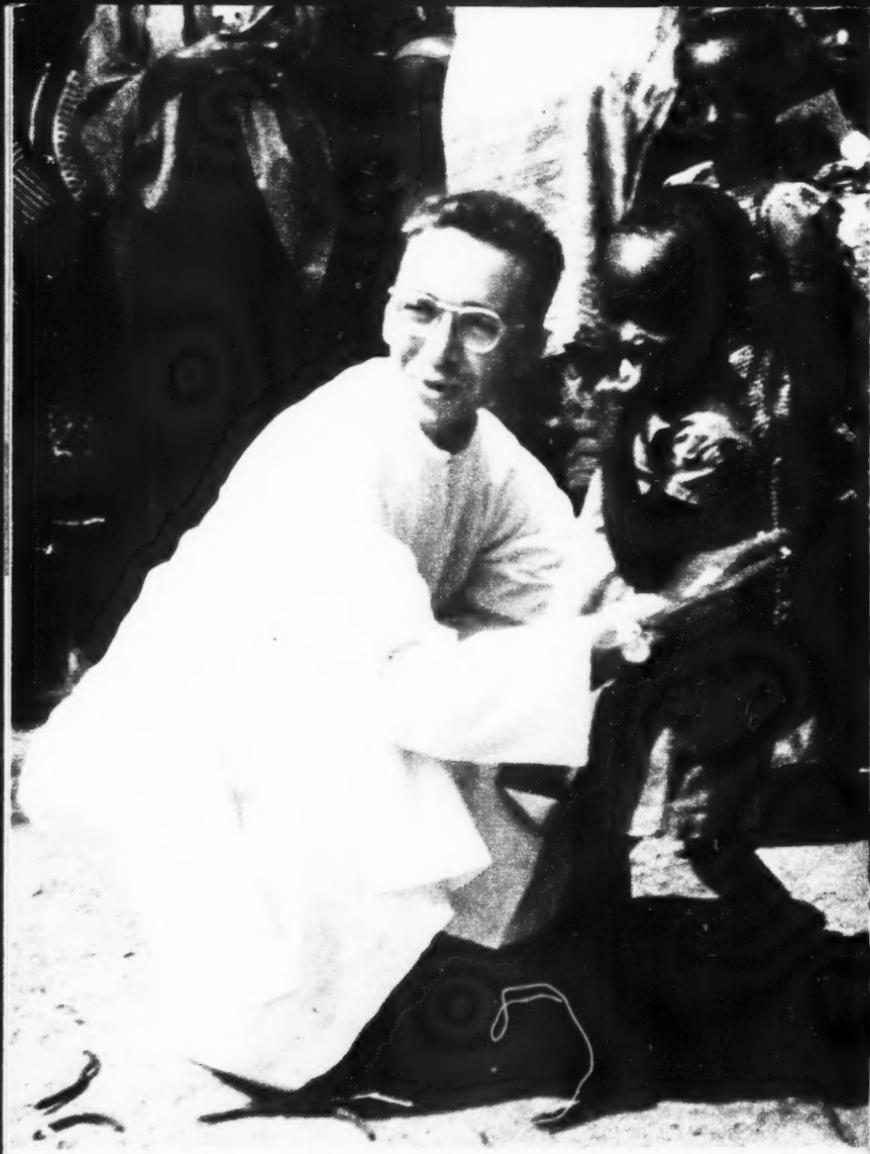
426 S. Boyle Avenue
LOS ANGELES 33, Calif.

222 South Hewitt Street
LOS ANGELES 12, Calif.

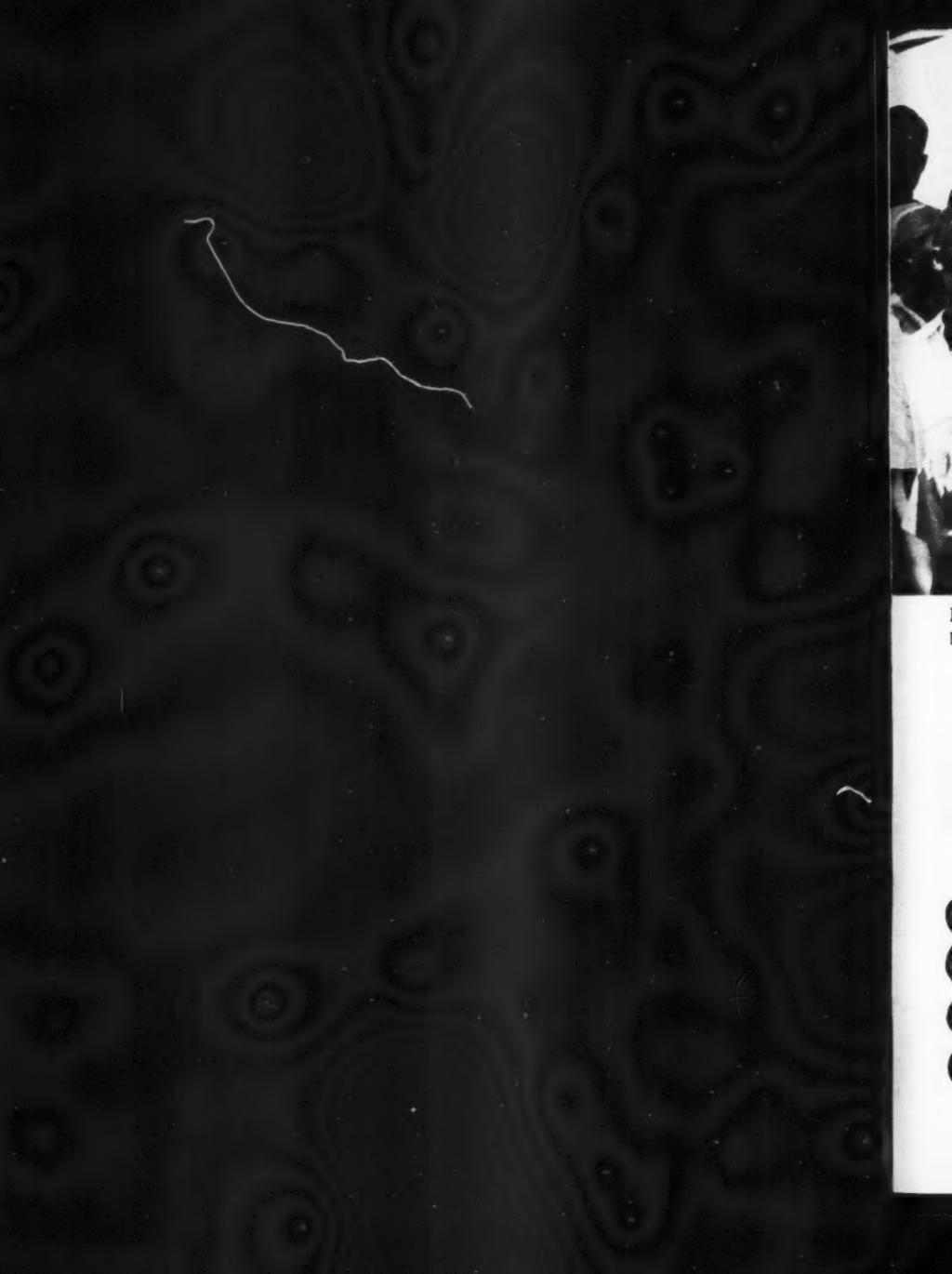
9001 Dexter Blvd.
DETROIT 6, Michigan

2360 Rice Blvd.
HOUSTON 5, Texas

1492 McAllister St.
SAN FRANCISCO 15, Calif.



The market place in Tanganyika, Africa, is an important source of contact for the missioner. Ohio's Father Del Robinson makes friends here.





Father Robinson says that the youngsters are the backbone of his infant parish. "It takes a generation to get really in full swing," he writes.

MiSSION PORTRAIT

■ "IN view of the way things are going in Europe and Asia, it is not too farfetched to think that some day Africa may be the bulwark of Christianity," writes one of our missioners in Tanganyika.

Today, Africa is the best mission field of the Church.

Large numbers of converts are being made there, and a strong native clergy is being developed. The work goes forward in proportion to the number of missioners that can be sent there. The field is white for the harvest, and the need is for more laborers.

COLOR PHOTOS BY ARTHUR WILLE AND DELBERT ROBINSON



English looms turned out tablecloths, but African ingenuity uses them for finery. Now special patterns are woven expressly for the African trade.

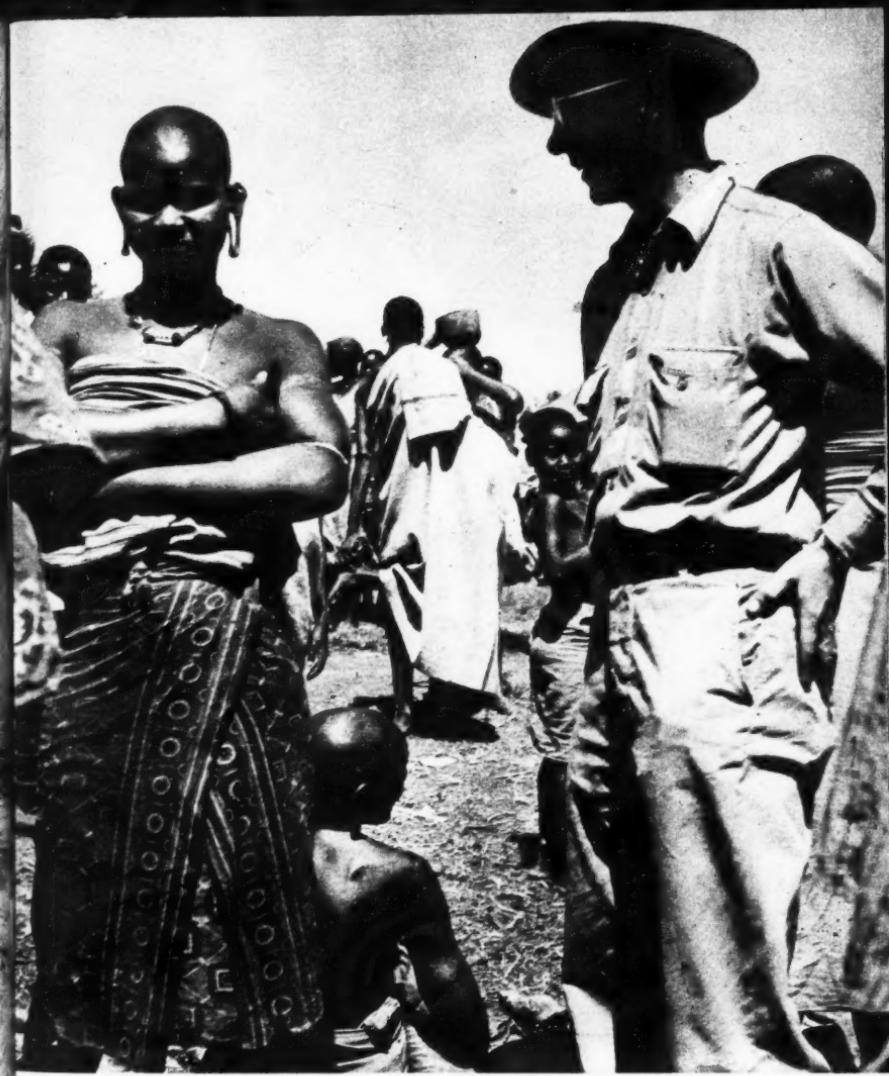
A
ma



A mother and daughter, snapped outside the Musoma mission before Mass, make a bright color picture. No two women ever have identical dresses.



Mud from the backyard and straw from
the garden produce the African house.
No materials shortage in Tanganyika!



In Africa as in many other parts of the world, native people look upon Westerners with suspicion. It always amazes foreign travelers to see the respect, trust, and con-

fidence that exist between the missioner and his people. Religion is a universal language; and the message that Christ died for all men, can be easily understood by all.

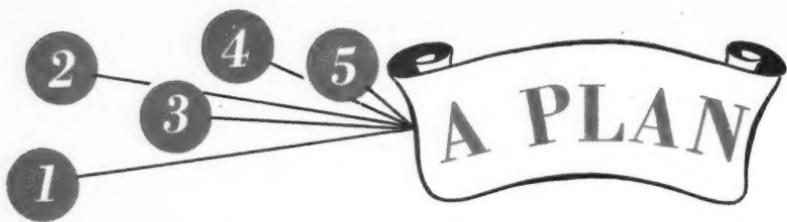


■ CATHOLIC AFRICA has grown by leaps and bounds in the past fifty years. If the growth can be 50% as rapid during the next fifty years, there will be a hundred million Catholics there by the end of the century.

The problem today in Africa is not one of work to do, but the raising of forces to take advantage of the opportunities.



There are millions of Africans yet to be reached with the message of Our Lord. To touch this multitude, many more workers are urgently needed.



for more Latin American Priests

Many people in Peru never see a priest during their whole life.

That problem must be attacked.

BY ROBERT E. KEARNS

■ THE DIOCESE of Puno, Peru is short of native priests: there are only 28 to take care of 800,000 Catholics. Many people in our 57 parishes have never seen a priest in their lives. Many parishes cannot even have a priest for the annual *fiesta*.

Small wonder, then, that Puno has few vocations. A boy growing up in a parish without a priest has little chance of developing a love for the priesthood.

With priests so few, a newly ordained priest is immediately assigned an abandoned parish with little or no financial assistance. He finds a church that is little more than an historical ruin.

The new priest zealously starts to work. But he misses the companionship of his fellow priests. The nearest one lives more than two days'

journey away, and is too busy to visit him more than once or twice a year.

At the request of Bishop Dettman, the Ordinary of Puno, Maryknollers planned an attack on Puno's problems. This plan includes five points:

POINT ONE

Point one: Tell everyone about Puno's need for more priests.

To launch the campaign, every type of publicity was used. However, most effective were the talks given by Maryknollers, to boys in the village schools. These talks included a description of life in the Puno Seminary, with detailed conditions for entering the seminary. It urged interested boys to get in touch with a priest in order to obtain information and advice.

Puno folks were invited to come and inspect the Puno Seminary. We expected 200; more than 650 came.

Thirty-four applications resulted from this first effort. Puno has vocations. The way to bring them in is to send a priest out to scout for them year after year, on a consistent basis.

POINT TWO

Twenty-two Maryknoll priests now work in the Diocese of Puno. To a man, they are convinced that parochial schools will be the key to uncovering and fostering vocations. This is point two in the plan.

Puno comprises two large language groups. In the south the Aymara number about 300,000 people. In the north, the Quechua number almost 600,000. It is hoped that a parochial school can be set up in a Maryknoll parish in each district. Young boys, prospective seminarians, could be sent to this main parish school from all parts of the district.

This should prove a steady source of vocations for the seminary.

POINT THREE

Point three is proper training of candidates in the minor seminary. Maryknollers were given charge of the minor seminary, by Bishop Dettman. The formation of the seminarians is being directed specifically toward their future lives as parish priests in this vast mountain area. Emphasis is on developing a spirit of leadership and initiative.

Most of the seminarians spend their vacation period at a summer camp down by the ocean. They share with the priests the responsibilities of running this camp for poor boys.

POINT FOUR

Point four is proper major seminary training. Maryknoll has been invited to take over the regional, major seminary in Cuzco, the historic center of the Peruvian altiplano. We have accepted this invitation, contingent on our ability to meet the needs. Five dioceses will send us their candidates.

This project is rich in promise, for it will provide an opportunity to mold the seminarians to the pattern required of rugged, back-country pastors. Each young man needs only the fire and courage of a St. Paul!

POINT FIVE

The final point is the field training of the newly ordained. There will be three districts: the city of Puno, the Quechua area, and the Aymara area. These will serve as the training grounds. Experienced priests will be in charge of each district, and meticulous care will be given to the proper operation of every detail in the church and to the loving service of the people. This "incubation period" should last from two to five years.

A special clergy house is to be opened in Puno, so that country priests may have a residence when they are in the city. God willing, Puno's native clergy will possess an *esprit de corps* that will make them proud to be God's competent officers in the mountains.



WANT ADS

"A Sanctuary Lamp," writes a Maryknoller in Formosa, "is badly needed. It will cost \$75. Oil for the lamp, \$25 a year." Would you like to provide this sentinel before the Blessed Sacrament?

Mind the Paint? We mind the lack of it. In Lima, Peru, unpainted wood rots quickly. \$200 will pay for painting classrooms of St. Rose's new school. A bargain!

Two Altars may be donated for a new mission church in Formosa. You may select either, as a memorial for a loved one. Each altar will cost \$200.

In Chile there is opportunity for special charity — to assist homeless boys rescued from delinquency by Maryknollers. \$50 will provide lodging for 19 while they are learning a trade.

Stations of the Cross can be supplied for six Maryknoll churches in the Philippine Islands. \$100 will provide one set.

Under and Over. Floor and roof are both needed for the sacristy at Buzeta, Chile. \$200 would put everything right.

Sick Calls require a pyx for carrying the Holy Eucharist, and an oilstock for administering Extreme Unction. We have no supply of either vessel. A pyx or an oilstock costs \$15.

If You Wish you may donate a metal Tabernacle for Taichung, Formosa. The present wooden one is old, unsightly, and ant eaten. A metal Tabernacle will cost \$185.

"They Have No Wine," said the Blessed Virgin to Jesus at Cana. Our missionaries in Chile ask \$35 for Mass wine and hosts, and \$25 for Mass candles. May they have them?

Rosaries, Medals, and religious pictures could be supplied to destitute Filipinos by our missionaries if they had the means. Could you put \$5 into a missioner's hand to purchase and distribute them?

2-In-1. Help two causes with one offering. Purchase a United States Bond and give it to Maryknoll. Be sure that it is a Series F Bond, and have it made out to the "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc."

Peru's Hope is Peru's own priests. We are training 50, mostly Indian boys, in our Puno seminary. The training of each costs \$15 a month. Interested?

Instruction is the greatest need in Latin America. Maryknoll is striving to supply parochial schools. Could you spare a five spot or a ten for this worthy cause?



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The Just Judge Describes The Last Judgment

"Come, ye blessed of My Father," He says, "possess you the kingdom prepared for you . . . Because I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked and you clothed Me . . . as long as you did it for one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me!"

When a person is sick, he needs help right away; we give that help immediately. The halt, the blind, the orphaned, the homeless, the hungry, the sufferers of wasting diseases — all these are being cared for by the *Maryknoll Charity Fund*. Your donation to the Charity Fund will give you a share in the works of mercy — will make you the missioner's partner.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

People are Interesting!

Matthew Makes
on Ex-Communist



1. Matthew tells a Japanese police captain that he'll take charge of seven boys caught thieving.



2. In a Catholic youth center that Matthew operates the youngsters are soon enjoying healthy fun.



3. But one boy refuses to go home: "My father saw me get arrested." "I'll go with you," says Matthew.



4. "Why do you help my boy?" asks the father. "Because as a Catholic I am taught to help others."



5. The father thought and said, "I'll join you. I was once a Catholic but deserted to be a communist."



6. Now the ex-communist is alone, for Matthew, the better to help others, has gone to be a priest.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

home:
ated."

thew.



alone,
help
priest.